

Have consented to their application only to a limited extent. A shoemaker's shop is in operation, and here the weak-minded cobblers of the Asylum can be seen every day in the week, plying away with evident satisfaction. During the year 1865 their labors resulted as follows:— 352 pairs Men's Shoes made. 1 pair Men's Long Boots made. 144 pairs Women's Shoes made. 1 pair Women's Long Boots made. 1044 pairs soled and heeled. 48 pairs repaired.

A sewing department is likewise in operation, in which from twenty to fifty women, besides a number of men, find constant employment. During the same year the amount of work done was as follows:— Forty-one garments were made, and 2520 repaired by the men; 98 dresses and 121 other garments were made by the women, and 4204 repaired. In addition to this, 55 articles of bed-clothing were made and 314 repaired.

A Gardening Department, on a small scale, is also in operation, affording employment for ten or fifteen men. During the past year, the products of their labor realized the sum of \$1,486.47.

In all his schemes for the employment of the patients, Dr. Butler has had the hearty co-operation of the Committee of the Board of Guardians of the Insane Department, and they are entitled to the credit of having furthered his views to the full extent of their power.

Dr. Butler has also urged the necessity for other kinds of employment on the part of the men, as not all of them are shoemakers and tailors; but in this respect his views have not met with support on the part of the Board of Guardians. He has particularly urged the removal of the Insane Department of the Almshouse to a more retired location, where facilities for employing the men in agriculture might be enjoyed. This would entail no additional expense upon the city, as it has long been in contemplation to erect a House of Correction, an institution which is sadly needed here. For the purpose the present insane asylum is admirably adapted. It is, in truth, a veritable prison-house, and would answer such purposes much better than the one for which it is at present employed.

All these, and many other schemes of a like charitable character, are at an end, unless the new management should make an effort to carry them out. This, of course, is as feasible under one man's direction as well as under another. But Dr. Butler, by his thorough acquaintance with the necessities of the institution, and his solid acquirements as a physician for the insane, is eminently qualified to inaugurate and perfect them. Such being the case, we can see no good result as likely to follow his removal.

The New Superintendent. Dr. David D. Richardson, has had no special qualifications, by experience, for the position. He was, for a time, a Resident Physician at the Almshouse; and in that capacity he was accustomed to take a look at the Insane Wards in his regular round with the other physicians. But it was utterly impossible for him to acquire a thorough knowledge of the treatment of the insane from such a meagre experience.

This change in the management of the institution we consider a sufficient reason for calling the attention of the public to the subject at the present time. In this connection, the following tables, which illustrate the workings of the Asylum for the past six years, become of interest:—

Table of Nativity of Patients.

Table with columns for Nativity (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Other States, Total United States, Foreigners, Unknown) and rows for 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865.

A Visit to the Asylum.

Desiring to see the actual condition of the institution while under Dr. Butler's able management, a day or two ago our reporter visited the establishment, and passed an hour within its dreary walls. What follows is the result of our observations, from notes jotted down as we passed through the different wards. There are no mere "fancy" cases among them, every trick and saying reported having a foundation in truth. The only liberty we have taken, and it is certainly an excusable one, is a change in the names or popular sobriquets by which the patients are known among themselves.

The General Appearance of the Asylum is dreary enough from without, there is a certain air of comfort prevailing within. The most striking feature of the institution indoors is its perfect cleanliness. The kitchen of a Dutch Wren in the old Knickerbocker days of New Amsterdam could not have been more tidily kept. And as far as the facilities will permit it, neatness is likewise enforced. But the perfect reign of this latter quality is necessarily impossible in such an institution, and we therefore did not expect to see it.

As a general thing, the patients are comfortably clad, although the cut and quality of some of the outfits would have plunged Beau Brummel into a terrible fit of despondency. Many of them take considerable pride in their dress, but others are as reckless in such matters as they are in the hideous contortions of their features. But little difficulty is encountered in enforcing cleanliness of person. There are several bath-rooms in the institution, and every inmate is required to perform a wholesale ablution twice a week. There are some obstreperous cases, however, who obstinately prefer a coating of filth. These are taken in hand by the attendants, and subjected *à la armis* to the renovating process.

The Amenities of Mad-House Life.

Much has been done to give the interior a pleasant and cheerful look, although the task of rendering such a prison-house agreeable to the sight is anything but an easy one. Here and there in the corridors are collections of flowers, some of them of choice and elegant varieties. These are all under the charge of the attendants; but they are relieved of all anxiety on their account, as the patients never meddle with them. On one occasion only within several years past have the flower-pots come to grief. A very violent woman happened to become enraged in the kitchen, when she gave vent to her ill feelings by making sad havoc with the cook's collection of shrubbery.

The walls of the corridors and of many of the rooms are likewise adorned with pictures and engravings of a chaste and simple character. The late John P. Crozer, of Chester, gave \$100 for this purpose; and when the order for them was given to Mr. James S. Barie, of this city, the latter kindly contributed an equal amount. Before one of these colored engravings—a fair young girl, holding a little dog in her lap—one of the former patients was accustomed daily to kneel and pour forth his prayers with an earnestness that was as touching as it was misdirected.

The library of the institution likewise contains many valuable and interesting works, all of which are eagerly devoured by those who have access to them. The current magazines of the day, and the leading newspapers of this city and New York, have also been placed upon the table at Dr. Butler's own expense. All the books, especially the illustrated ones, are in remarkably good condition, considering their constant use.

Music is another enjoyment which is amply provided for. A beautiful cottage organ and a well-toned piano constitute the resources in this respect.

The Unpleasant Side of the Picture. But the drawbacks to the usefulness of the institution which are mentioned in the beginning of this article are not the only ones. It is evident to the visitor at a glance that the place is fearfully crowded. The daily average of patients, as will be seen from the above tables, is steadily increasing. In 1863 it was 642; in 1864 it had increased to 656; and last year it numbered 674. The last weekly report placed the number of men at 291 and of women at 384. The total number, 675, is a falling off from the daily average of last year, but this present decrease is owing, in a great measure, to the large number who died during the latter part of the summer from cholera. So crowded, indeed, are the wards at present, that over 100 are obliged to sleep upon the floors.

But the distressing part of the picture, and that which shows how gross and pressing is the necessity for a commodious and well-managed institution of the kind in our midst, is the actual condition of these five hundred and fifty-five outcasts of humanity. As we entered the Visitors' Hall (the first object that attracted our attention was

A Man who is Given to Music and Considered Himself a Woman.

He is one of the characters of the institution, of which he has been an inmate for the past fifteen years. His face is thin and pale, and always closely shaven. His long and straggling locks, which are just tinged with grey, are parted in the middle, and enable him to some extent to support in his own mind the idea which has possessed him, which is, that he is a woman attired by mistake in pantaloons. As we enter the hall, we find him diligently at work upon a pair of elaborately embroidered slippers. He rises, and accosts us in a squeaking, feminine voice; and then flies nervously about, like an old lady who has a passion for putting things to rights. When everything is adjusted to his satisfaction, he seats himself at the piano, and strikes the keys with the hand of a master. The air he plays is a vague, uncertain, rambling melody, well suited to the melancholy which surrounds.

The visiting-hall and reading-room, in the latter of which the piano is allotted to the men during the morning, while the women hold undisputed sway there in the afternoon. No sooner is our feminine friend at the piano than an eager crowd of persons, who belong unmistakably to the sex to which she aspires, gather about him as attentive listeners. One little old lady, who has an extremely antedivian air about her, soon separates from the listeners, and whirls herself about among the benches in a sorry attempt at dancing.

By-and-by our feminine friend gets tired of fingering the keys, and when he rises from his seat, a burly female breaks out with the exclamation:— "That's bully music!"

Just as we turn to follow the Doctor through the wards, the little antedivian dame makes her way up to us, and modestly asks if we have brought her a penny. Before we have half a chance to present a proper apology for being found without a supply of the filthy lucre, she cries out, clapping her skiny hands:— "You ought to see Sammy dance!"

"Who's Sammy?" we inquire. "That's Sammy," pointing to the proper individual, and whirling off in a merry round, as she continues:— "He's the most beautiful dancer in the world." "Sammy," who has a Passion for Fantastic Dress.

When "Sammy" noticed that he was the centre of attraction, he at once came forward and bowed with great profundity. In doing so he displayed to immense advantage the variegated cap which he wore upon his head. The only thing which it resembled was the celebrated coat given to Joseph by his father. It is safe to say that every color of the rainbow entered into its complexion, while material of every conceivable kind entered into its composition. Nor was this all. Around his neck "Sammy" wore, after the fashion of the cavaliers of Charles II, a deep and intricately constructed collar, in which more than one color was likewise displayed.

The rest of "Sammy's" attire was made up in the bundle-streaked fashion which prevails throughout all departments of the Blockley Almshouse.

Perceiving that "Sammy" took such delight in his finery, we inquired if it was all the fruit of his own labors. With a gratified smile, and in a sively voice, he informed us that it was.

"What is that you have in your hands?" was our next query. "That is a wren's nest," responded the now delighted "Sammy." "Don't you think it's beautiful?"

We hastened to assure him that it was, and then examined the article in question. It was a collection of evergreens, arranged with great elaboration in the form of a nest. In the cavity reposed four good-sized ripe tomatoes. Pointing to the latter, we inquired:— "What are these?"

"The eggs!" responded "Sammy." The Doctor then suggested to "Sammy" that his visitors would like to see his other fine things. Whereupon the enraptured "Sammy" requested us to follow him up-stairs. We then discovered that so much confidence was reposed in "Sammy," that he had been assigned to the responsible position of Superintendent of one of the men's dining-rooms. When we had reached these quarters, "Sammy" engaged in an energetic rummaging among divers boxes, and produced at length a startling array of fantastic articles, all of which, as he proudly assured us, were the work of his own hands. One of these was a sort of breast plate, which merits an attempt at description. It was composed of manifold shreds of cloth, of as many different colors. In the centre was displayed a small picture of Queen Victoria, surmounted by two ragged bits of looking-glass.

When "Sammy" had arranged the breast-plate to his satisfaction, he drew from an inside pocket of his striped roudabout a pair of delicate silk gloves of the most approved operatic yellow. One of these he drew upon his hand, and the other he held jauntily, as he threw back his head and awaited our words of praise. Just then a couple of kittens engaged in a rough-and-tumble combat at our feet. They were the property of "Sammy," and their ring-streaked and speckled coats, which bore a striking resemblance to Jacob's heifers, were in strict keeping with "Sammy's" all-absorbing passion for a contrast of colors.

We then bowed ourselves out of "Sammy's" dining-room. Our host was not behind us in politeness, for he bent his body almost to the floor, and gallily kissed the tips of his fingers as he whispered:— "Adieu!"

As we passed through the various wards, we made

A Running Sketch of the Patients. All those whose mental distempers are of a violent character are confined within certain quarters of the Asylum, while those whose malady is of a mild and harmless form are given the freedom of the building. One of the latter had a mania for sweeping. We found him crouched upon the floor, with dust-pan and brush, and hard at work. Another busied himself with rubbing the dust from the iron grates of the windows. Another, whose legs extended about eight inches out of his pantaloons, walked in silence, and with downcast looks, up and down the corridors. Another was more sociably inclined, and removed his crumpled hat, as he inquired if we were "priest or parson?"

A Poet who has a Relish for Tobacco. Presently we encountered an individual who grasped the Doctor's hand in great joy, and then condescendingly extended to us the tips of two fingers. He was bare-headed and bare-

footed, which is the case with most of the patients, even at this late season. The man before us had a profusion of curly asuburn hair, which appeared to be in blissful ignorance of the use of comb and brush. His beard was even curlier than his hair, and of a decidedly crimson aspect.

Salutations over, our friend inquired if we would like to hear him recite a little poetry.

"Yes, Thomas," said the Doctor, "you may give us a few lines from Shakespeare."

Thomas complied with the request in a husky voice, the burden of his muse being to this effect:— "Oh! lady fair, With rich black hair And beaming eyes, I do surmise

You are endowed with that modesty Which so becomes a fair lady!"

There was much more to the same effect, but we find that the remainder of Thomas' Shakespearean rhymes have slipped from our treacherous memory. When he had concluded his poetical strain, he launched forth in prose.

"Doctor," he exclaimed, "may I please your most honorable corporosity to gratify the conglomerated fancies of a convivial disposition by bestowing upon your most convenient and considerate servant the boon of a small piece of tobacco?"

The Doctor placed a nickel in Thomas' hand, expressing great regrets that he had no tobacco about him. That the solacing effects of the weed are fully appreciated by crazy people, was evident from the fact that every other one we encountered preferred a request for tobacco. When this was refused them, they would piteously beg a penny, that they might purchase some of their heart's delight.

Presenting a striking contrast to these harmless wanderings of the mind are the more violent Cases of Insanity.

Among others, we noticed a young man who sat motionless upon a bench. His features bore an expression of terrible agony. His lips were in constant motion, as he muttered from sunrise to sunset:— "Oh, kill me! kill me! kill me!"

Another sat at the door leading into the men's yard. To describe him in the fewest words possible, we should call him a slavering idiot. His grizzled hair and beard were cropped short, and his eyes had a vacant, restless stare. He was one of the most violent cases in the institution, and for this reason it was necessary to keep his hands enclosed in a stout leathern case. He sat upon the floor, twisting his body and contorting his features, and now and then making a desperate effort to gnaw the door-frame or the wall. As soon as he perceived us, he looked up and asked for some tobacco.

A Free-Trader Stands on his Head. Emerging into the yard, the Doctor was accosted in a cheerful manner by a burly fellow, who extended his hand. It was quickly withdrawn, however, and the man dropped upon his knees, bent his head to the ground, and then held up his little finger, which the Doctor grasped and shook.

"That's the proper way to do it," exclaimed the idiot, and with that he planted himself upon his head, and shook his bare heels high in the air. Reversing his position, he began a long and laborious argument in favor of free-trade, advocating the doing away with Congress and everything else that opposed his views.

Standing on the door-steps, we were surveyed

The Group in the Men's Yard. It was a motley crowd, and all were in a high state of jubilation. Not a sole was shod, and scarcely a head was covered. Promenading appeared to be a favorite method of killing the time. One individual, who walked up and down with steady strides, had a Ciceronian turn of mind. His speech was loud and emphatic, and his gesticulation of the most approved stump order. Suddenly he paused in his course, and took the measurement of his mouth with his fingers. The result did not appear to satisfy him, as he soon started forward, shaking his head in a doubtful way. Among this group were many

American Citizens of African Descent. In the men's department the whites and blacks are huddled together; on the women's side of the house it has been thought expedient to keep the two races apart from each other.

One of these sable maniacs appeared to be a dangerous customer, as his wrists were graced by a pair of iron bracelets. This arrangement did not appear to dampen his spirits in the least, as he strided up and down the yard, whistling in an uproarious fashion.

The pale-faced orator of whom we spoke above had a colored rival on the opposite side of the yard. The latter equalled the former in the gibbousness of his tongue and the profuseness of his gesticulation.

Among the others there were three whose morbidness attracted our especial attention. One scratched his shins by the half hour; another drummed as steadily upon his knee with a small stick; while a third sat quietly upon a bench, opening and shutting his mouth, and waggling his head from side to side with great precision. He aroused himself from this listless mood when a spruce-looking gentleman of color stepped up and embraced him in the most fraternal style.

The Women's Wards, which we next visited in order, will be seen by the tables given above to contain over sixty-five per cent. of the population of the Asylum. This is to be expected, as woman has always been represented as being "the weaker vessel," and to the delicacy of her nature, and the peculiar and unnatural trials to which she is subjected in the humbler walks of life, the greater prevalence of insanity among her sex is undoubtedly to be ascribed. There is another noticeable feature of insanity in the female sex, and that is the greater violence which usually characterizes it. For this reason the most difficult cases for general management and curative treatment are found in the women's wards.

A change was perceptible, indeed, as soon as we had entered the department of these unfortunate. On the steps and in the corners of the corridors they were grouped in a hideous array. Many of them were lying flat upon the floor, while others stretched themselves upon benches. Nearly all of these had carefully covered their heads with some portion of their dress. Others sat upon the floor in the very centre of the rooms and halls, accompanying their silent wretchedness with a gentle swaying of their bodies. Many appeared to relish the warmth of the heaters more than anything else, and these sat as closely as possible to each other, with their backs pressed hard against the steam

registers. On the part of others great interest in our movements was manifested. One hopelessly idiotic creature, in particular, followed us from room to room, with eyes fixed upon our wide open, and a frightful smile upon her coarse, dull face. The more moderate of the

Weak-minded Women displayed many little eccentricities as we passed along. One of them, whom the Doctor addressed by the comprehensive title of "Bridget," crawled under the bed as we approached.

Another, who was laboring under the impression that she is the deserted wife of an illustrious soldier of the republic, was more forward. She stepped gallantly to the Doctor, and, grasping his hand, commenced to dance about him, first cautioning him "not to tread on her toes." As she was barefooted, this injunction proved that she had a glimmer of sense left.

Female Violence. One of the more violent specimens rushed up to the Doctor and brought him in a plaintive voice to provoke her with some clothing. Like Miss Flora McJimney, and with about as much cause, she imagined that she had "nothing to wear." To prevent her from disturbing her companions, her hands were secured in stout leathern cuffs. Another violent specimen was tied to a bench—an arrangement which she did not appear to relish very greatly, as there were traces of tears on her cheeks.

One obstreperous female, who happened to be loose for the moment, became enraged because we examined and praised some of her embroidery. She picked up a chain and made a villainous rush for one of her companions, when she was suddenly seized by one of the nurses, and strapped to a bench. The summary treatment she resented with a loud howl.

But by far the most pitiable cases on this side of the house were those who, from old age or disease, were confined to their beds. The sick ward, indeed, presented a scene of ghastly misery which we have no desire to portray.

The scene in the women's yard presented no noticeable features. Some were striding up and down, and muttering to themselves or their companions. Our attention was attracted by one, however, who was raising a furious complaint, directed, to all appearances, against no one in particular, about some one who had been "blackguarding her betters," and whom she threatened with "the iron instead," by way of retaliation. She wound up her passion by hurling a cobblestone against the gate.

The Colored Women, as we have already said, are kept apart from the white. When we reached their quarter of the Asylum, we found them, as a general thing, in a state of good humor. One, in particular, who is known as the Chesterfield of the institution, on account of her studied politeness, followed us about and conversed in the most garrulous style. It turned out that she desired a fresh supply of tobacco.

There are not many peculiar cases in this department. One of the most noticeable is that of an old colored lady, who has an inordinate liking for doll-babies and rags. Of the former she possesses some half dozen of various sizes, and in various stages of preservation; of the latter, she carries about with her two large bags full. Another interesting case was that of

A Proliferous Old Lady who has a Horror of the Bed. She begged our steps for some time, and, as we were about to leave, requested the contribution of one cent towards paying her ferriage over the obnoxious River of Death. We expressed the hope that this event was yet a long way off, to which she sensibly responded by saying:—

"There's nothin' like bein' ready, Massa, you know."

Thinking to retain our coppers, we then informed her that Charles had discontinued his ferry since the completion of the new bridge across the Infernal Stream.

"Foot-toll" was her response, and the copper had to come forth after all.

This ended our survey of the institution, and we had seen and heard enough to satisfy our own curiosity, and we hope, that of the public as well.

In conclusion, we give below the statistics of insanity in the United States, which will show at a glance to what a fearful extent the infirmity of mind has afflicted the people of this country, as it has those of all other countries in all ages. **Table of Insane and Idiotic Persons in the United States, According to the Census of 1850.**

Table with columns for STATES AND TERRITORIES, FREE, SLAVE, and Total. Lists various states like Alabama, Arkansas, California, etc., with corresponding numbers.

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FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES

TRIUMPHS OF MARVIN'S SAFE.

NEWBRUN, N. C. September 24, 1866. WM. H. OLIVER, Esq. Agent for Marvin & Co. DEAR SIR:—At the late terrible fire on Middle street, which destroyed our Banking House, we had two of your safes stored in our building, and we were moving the other, when we were ordered to leave the office as an adjoining building was about being blown up. The entire row of buildings was consumed, but our safes were saved, and the satisfaction of knowing everything inside perfect. We can cheerfully recommend them as being perfectly fireproof, as we have examined two others of your make which were in the same fire, both of which preserved the books and papers that were in them. Yours respectfully, DISMONSWAY, GUION & Co., Bankers.

NEWBRUN, N. C. September 24, 1866. WM. H. OLIVER, Esq. Agent for Marvin & Co. DEAR SIR:—One of your safes stood in my store in my store in the late fire on Middle street. My store was situated in a row of large wooden buildings, the burning of which made a most intense heat. The trial was severe, but the safe came out victorious. On opening it, every book and paper was found in a perfect state of preservation. Very respectfully, L. BAER.

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